

*The history*

*Pat.* Out gall. *Ther.* Finch egge.  
*Achil.* My sweet *Patroclus* I am thwarted quite,  
 From my great purpose into morrowes battell,  
 Here is a letter from *Queene Heccuba*;  
 A token from her daughter my faire loue  
 Both taxing me, and gaging me to keepe:  
 An oth that I haue sworne: I wil not breake it,  
 Fall Greekes, sayle fame, honour or go or stay,  
 My *maior* vow lies here; this ile obey,  
 Come, come, *Thersites* help to trim my tent?  
 This night in banquetting must al be spent, away *Patroclus*.  
*Ther.* With to much bloud, and to little braine, these two  
 may run mad, but if with to much braine and to little bloud  
 they do ile be a curer of mad-men, her's *Agamemnon*, an ho-  
 nest fellow inough, and one that loues quailles, but hee has  
 not so much braine as care-wax, and the goodly transfor-  
 mation of *Iupiter* there, his be the Bull, the primitiue statue,  
 and oblique memorial of cuck-olds, a thrifty shooing-horne  
 in a chaine at his bare legge, to what forme but that hee is,  
 should wit larded with malice, and malice faced with witte,  
 turne him to: to an Asse, were nothing hee is both Asse and  
 Oxe, to an Oxe were nothing, her's both Oxe and Asse, to be  
 a day, a Moyle, a Cat, a Fichooke, a Fode, a Lezard, an Oule,  
 a Puttock, or a Herring without a rowe. I would not care,  
 but to bee *Menelaus* I would conspire against destiny, aske  
 me what I would be, if I were not *Thersites*, for I care not to  
 be the Loue of a Lazar, so I were not *Menelaus*—hey-day  
 sprites and fires.

*Enter Agam: Vlisses, Nest: and Diomed with lightes.*  
*Ag.* We go wrong we goe wrong.  
*Aiax.* No, yonder tis there where we see the lights.  
*Hect.* It trouble you. *Aiax.* No not a whit.  
*Vliss.* Here comes himselfe to guide you.  
*Achil.* Welcome braue *Hector*, welcome Princes all.  
*Ag.* So now faire Prince of Troy, I bid God night,  
*Aiax* commands the guard to tend on you.  
*Hect.* Thanks and good night to the Greekes generall.  
*Men.* Good night my Lord.

*Hect.*

*of Troilus and Cressida.*

*Hect.* Good night sweet Lord *Menelaus*.  
*Ther.* Sweet draught, sweet quoth a, sweet sinke, sweet sure.  
*Achil.* Good night and welcome both to those that go or  
 tarry. *Ag.* Good night. *Exeunt Agam: Menelaus.*  
*Achil.* Old *Nector* carries, and you to *Diomed*.  
 Keepe *Hector* company an houre or two.  
*Dio.* I cannot Lord, I haue important businesse,  
 The tide whereof is now, good night great *Hector*.  
*Hect.* Giue me your hand.  
*Vliss.* Follow his torch, he goes to *Calcas* tent, ile keepe you  
 company. *Troy.* Sweet sir you honor me?  
*Hect.* And so good night.  
*Achil.* Come, come, enter my tent. *Exeunt.*  
*Ther.* That same *Diomed* a false hearted roague, a most vn-  
 iust knaue, I will no more trust him when hee leeres, then I  
 will a serpent when hee hisses, hee will spend his mouth and  
 promise like brabler the hound, but when he performs, *As-*  
*tronomers* foretell it, it is prodigious, there will come some  
 change, the Sonne borrowes of the Moone when *Diomed*  
 keepes his word, I will rather leaue to see *Hector* then not  
 to dog him, they say hee keepes a Trojan drab, and vses the  
 traytor *Calcas* tent. Ile after---nothing but letchery all in-  
 continent varlots. *Enter Diomed.*  
*Dio.* What are you vp here ho? speake?  
*Dio.* *Diomed*, *Chalcas* I thinke wher's your daughter?  
*Cal.* She comes to you.  
*Vliss.* Stand, where the torch may not discouer vs.  
*Troy.* *Cressid* comes forth to him. *Enter Cressid.*  
*Dio.* How now my charge.  
*Cres.* Now my sweet gardian, harke a word with you.  
*Troy.* Yea so familiar?  
*Vliss.* Shee will sing any man at first sight.  
*Ther.* And any man may sing her, if hee can take her Cliff,  
 she's noted. *Dio.* Will you remember?  
*Cal.* Remember yes: (your words,  
*Dio.* Nay but do then and let your minde be coupled with  
*Troy.* What shall she remember. *Vliss.* List?  
*Cres.* Sweet hony Greeke tempt me no more to folly.

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*Ther.*